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THE FORTYNINER



Geo. Brown

Magazine of the 49th Canadian Batt. C.O.E.F.

Edmonton Regiment.

Contents.

BY THE COLONEL.
VPRES.
IN THE TRENCHES.
EPISODES OF A FORTY-NINER.
ITEMS.
EDITORIAL.
CANADIAN COLOURS AT CANTERBURY.
MACHINE GUN SPARKS.
BY THE SENIOR MAJOR.
THE WORKING PARTY.
GRENADE NOTES.
THE HUNGRY EIGHT.
THE WAILINGS OF ONE OF THE DRAFT.
BATTALION FUND.
NO MAN'S LAND.
BAND NOTES.
THE GUNNER.
THE FIRST TRICK IN THE TRENCHES.
THE BACKBONE OF THE ARMY.

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Vol. I. No. 5.

The Forty-Niner

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Major R. H. PALMER, 49th Battalion, Canadian B.E.F.

BY THE COLONEL.



INCE the last issue of THE FORTY-NINER several big things have happened.

On March 25 we went up against a fairly stiff proposition: a bombardment which lasted from 2 to 5 p.m. on that day. Most of the heavy stuff fell in and around battalion headquarters, much to the disgust of the staff. Like the drum-major in the song, this sort of thing is not expected by the staff.

On May 1 we had another little show, the bombardment beginning at 5.30 p.m., and lasting till 8.15 p.m., and then the enemy attacked. By 8.15 every man was as mad as a hornet, and I fear that we "didn't do a thing" to the unfortunate Huns who set out to come across.

In conversation with a German officer scragged by "A" Company, he made the statement that they were under the impression that after the bombardment which they had given us there would be no one left alive in our front line. Of course, we had some casualties, but there were sufficient Forty-Niners left alive to put the tin hat on the German attack.

For the action on this day we received the congratulations and thanks of the corps, division, and brigade commanders in the orders published the following day.

I omitted to say that on April 28 the battalion was inspected by the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Douglas Haig. He complimented the battalion on its physique, high standard of the men in the matter of intelligence, and was particularly pleased with the manner in which the men handled their arms. I need scarcely say that our band contributed largely to the success of the inspection.

During the month of May the Commander-in-Chief, in a despatch to the Secretary of State for War, brought to notice certain regiments which, in his opinion, were worthy of commendation. In the Canadian Army Corps four regiments were mentioned that were specially worthy of notice. Among these four regiments was the 49th Canadian Battalion (Edmonton Regiment).

On June 19 the battalion was inspected by the G.O.C. 2nd Army Corps, Lieutenant General Plumer. After the inspection the battalion formed a hollow square, and the General addressed the battalion in a very

vigorous and soldierly speech, in which he complimented the battalion highly upon its general conduct since coming to France, and in particular upon the work done on June 2, 3, and 4. He particularly addressed the new men who had just joined the battalion, and urged upon them the importance of maintaining the traditions and high standard established by the regiment.

All ranks were particularly gratified by the observations of this distinguished soldier, and felt that praise from him was praise very well earned.

The following is a list of officers, N.C.O.'s, and men who have received decorations for services rendered during the last three months:—

Lieutenant-Colonel W. A. Griesbach, Distinguished Service Order.

Major A. K. Hobbins, Distinguished Service Order.

Captain G. Z. Pinder (wounded), Military Cross.

Lieutenant W. R. Herbert, Military Cross.

Lieutenant Henry Hobbs, Military Cross.

Company-Sergeant-Major Miles (wounded), Distinguished Conduct Medal.

Company-Sergeant Major M. G. Ellis (wounded), Distinguished Conduct Medal.

Lance-Corporal R. Cruickshank, Distinguished Conduct Medal.

Private E. Le F. Cogswell (wounded), Distinguished Conduct Medal.

Company-Sergeant-Major J. Wallis, Military Medal.

Sergeant A. Macdonald (wounded), Military Medal.

Sergeant J. G. Downton, Military Medal.

Corporal F. Bennett (killed subsequently), Military Medal.

Corporal T. Eaves, Military Medal.

Private T. Heaps, Military Medal.

Private F. A. Trout (wounded), Military Medal.

Private T. J. A. Walkeden, Military Medal.

Private G. W. Tomkinson, Military Medal.

Private A. J. McKinnon, Military Medal.

Private S. Gillespie (wounded), Military Medal.

On July 17 Major A. J. Hobbins, who has been adjutant since the organisation of the regiment in January, 1915, was transferred to the 3rd Entrenching Battalion, to command the same, with, it is understood, the rank of lieutenant-colonel.

This officer has rendered valuable service to this regiment. He was always "on the job," and his lengthy service in the British Army prior to his connection with the 49th was of the greatest assistance. While his departure is much regretted by all ranks, it is felt that his promotion, and the grant to him of the D.S.O., was well deserved, and all ranks will join doubtless in wishing him success and good luck in his new command.


(Continued on page 4.)



Mrs. W. A. GRIESBACH,
Wife of Lt.-Col. W. A. Griesbach, D.S.O., O.C. 49th Battalion Canadians.

Lieutenant W. L. Taylor assumed the duties of adjutant on July 18. There have been a good many changes in the 49th. Not many of the old originals remain, but the *esprit de corps* still remains. New officers and men do not take long to conform to our organisation, methods, and system, and the old hands, wherever they may be, may rest satisfied that the credit and reputation of the regiment is still safe in the hands of their successors. The regiment is still solidly an Edmonton regiment. Jasper Avenue, the street railway deficit, the Edson trail, the wonders of the Peace River country, the Prohibition Act, Joe Clarke, and Edmonton's splendid record in the matter of recruiting are matters of common interest to us all. The value of these common interests and common subjects of conversation cannot be over-estimated in the maintenance of a regimental spirit. Some fine day in the not very distant future we will march down Jasper Avenue with bayonets fixed, colours flying, and drums beating, and Edmonton will be as proud of us as we are of the fact that we are "The Edmonton Regiment."

YPRES.

" BELGIUM is not much of a country" is an often heard remark. This is hardly a fair opinion, being formed from seeing a few square miles on the borders of West Flanders, where there are only poorly educated, though purely Flemish, farming folk living.

About the year A.D. 900 (one hundred and fifty years before the Norman Conquest of England, to which the Flemings contributed by loaning their ships to convey the troops across the Channel), a fortified house was built on the banks of the brook Yperlee. Houses were gradually built round it, and the little hamlet rapidly grew into a large city, Ypres, which in 1250 attained a population of over a-quarter of a million, being larger than any city in England at that time. The city was surrounded with earth ramparts covered with thorn bushes, and an outer moat and palisades.

In 1072 the burghers of Ypres sent a large force, with other Flemish cities, and assisted, after a two days' battle at Cassel, three miles south of Winnizeele, in defeating the French.

In 1337 Edward III., King of England, came over to Flanders, and made a treaty with Ypres, Bruges, and other cities; and many leading weavers shortly after went over to England, where they established a cloth industry, chiefly in Yorkshire.

In 1383 Ypres, whose fighting force was about 10,000 men, was besieged by 17,000 English and 20,000 Flemish troops from Bruges and other cities; but after sixty days' siege the attacking force had to retire.

For several centuries the burghers of Ypres quarrelled among themselves, fought for and against the burghers of Bruges, Ghent, Poperinghe, and other cities, and also for and against the French, Austrians, Spaniards, and Dutch. Various nations have made the country (but especially the plain of Flanders) their battlefield.

In spite of continual wars, Ypres became and for many years remained the centre of the cloth and linen trade of Western Europe. In 1200 the Cloth Weavers' Guilds began the construction of the Cloth Hall in the Grande Place, and it took over a hundred years to complete what was considered one of the finest pieces of Gothic architecture in Europe.

In 1689 Vauban, the great French fortress engineer, surrounded the city with new fortifications and moats. In 1815 the British repaired these a few months before the Battle of Waterloo as a precaution against Napoleon. In 1852 the ramparts were pulled down and the moats filled up, except a portion left for the purpose of a promenade. Luckily this was on the east side, so the repairs of 1815 are useful a hundred years later.

As time went on Ypres dwindled down to the status of a quiet country town, being overshadowed by many others, notably Brussels (the capital) and Antwerp (the second port in Europe).

Belgium was and is a wealthy country, densely populated, both agriculture and manufacturing industries being carried on. There have been many renowned painters, musicians, sculptors, and writers.

It is impossible to give more than an imperfect sketch of a history of over one thousand years in a few lines, but may a better opinion of the country and nation we are now rescuing from German "Kultur" be formed as we advance through its cities, ruined or otherwise.

R. H. A.

EPISODES OF A FORTY-NINER.



THE following is a humble endeavour in trying to describe some of the experiences of the average soldier out here at the front. As you no doubt already know, we spent a few months at a military camp in England, after which we sailed for the Continent here. On arrival, after disembarking, we had some distance to march to where we billeted at a rest camp for a short time. We then marched to a point where we entrained for a then unknown destination. It was rather an unusual train journey for most of us, as we travelled in box-cars for the best part of the day. We arrived at our destination, so far as the railway part of it went. Our troubles only seemed to be starting, as they seemed to gradually but surely increase at every stage. After having marched for several hours in the darkness we finally found a resting-place (or billet) for the balance of the night on the floor of a barn at a French farmhouse about 2 a.m. Poor accommodation as it seemed, it looked pretty good to the most of us, as we were all very tired from carrying our full packs so long and so far, and the darkness added to the tiresomeness of our march. It was not very long before we were all sleeping the sleep of the just. We spent a few days here, and in the meantime discovered we were only a few miles behind the firing line. A few days before our battalion entered the firing line, or trenches, we moved up from our back billets to where we were actually within range of the enemy's artillery. That night we got our first glimpse of war conditions. Away in the distance the booming of big guns attracted our attention. On the following morning our gaze was drawn in the direction, where we saw two aeroplanes high up in the heavens and shells bursting around them on every side. It was a fascinating sight to one seeing it for the first time. I could not take my eyes off the aerial drama. I then saw the flash of a bursting shell, then a small, dense, dark-coloured cloud form and expand and float away, and next, some seconds later, came the report of the anti-aircraft gun. In a few minutes clouds had formed, and still the aeroplanes circled round in the archipelago of exploded shells, carrying out their work of reconnaissance apparently as

unconcernedly as if they were moving in the serenest of space, and then, having completed their observations, they sped back behind their lines, and were soon lost to view. At this same place a few days later we were treated to an unusually exciting and interesting sight. Two aeroplanes were engaged in battle, and were almost right over us; they were going through some great manoeuvres in the air, presumably to obtain an advantageous position. They were exchanging shots rapidly with their machine guns, when suddenly one of them started dipping towards terra firma, but when a short distance from the ground the pilot managed to right his machine. It was only then we were able to realise it was an enemy plane, for as he neared our front line in trying to alight safely on his own side our machine guns and rifles fusilladed and brought him down not a great distance from where we were watching the fight. We spent several weeks at this place; in the meantime receiving our baptism of rifle and shell fire. We got broken into trench warfare here also. We then moved to another part of the line, where our duty was largely that of forming work parties. The duties of those parties were mostly performed in the night-time, when they repaired trenches and parapets and dug others that might be necessary. It was far from being a pleasant kind of work, as it rained nearly every night, and the work had all to be done in the darkness. For months the boys were wet, and had no means of drying their clothes, which made matters very uncomfortable for them. A large percentage of this repair work had to be done almost under the nose of the enemy. Many times work of this nature would be carried out at places where, when the enemy would throw up star shells, which illuminate for a considerable radius, every man had to remain perfectly still until the flare had burned itself out. The discovery of one of those working parties in such close proximity to the enemy would mean that machine guns would immediately be turned on them and a few shrapnel shells burst overhead. After having taken our share in this kind of work, we then took up active duty in the firing line, which we still continue to do, and have made an enviable reputation for ourselves through the good work we have done, often under very trying circumstances. The 49th Battalion is known along a considerable extent of the line, and have become very popular

with all the various battalions they have come into contact with. They have been lined up alongside of some of the crack regiments of the Imperial Army, and have held their part of the front line and acquitted themselves as creditably as any other battalion. When one considers the many death-dealing appliances which are in use in this modern warfare, it can be easily understood that it is a severe strain on the nerves of those in the front line to wait and wonder what is coming next. It is wonderful how they endure their hardships, and marvellous the splendid heroism with which they perform their duty of defending the Empire and maintaining the prestige of Canadian arms. The dangers and risks of this appalling war are many. Even when they are in reserve or rest billets they are by no means immune from danger, as they are at all times within range of the enemy's shells. I remember one night, or early in the morning rather, when everything was comparatively quiet, we had a rude awakening by the heavy concussion of several bombs which had been dropped by an aeroplane and exploded quite close to our billets. As the battalions pass along the roads on their way to the trenches greetings and news are exchanged as they pass the others who are coming out with such cheery words as "Good luck to you, boys," and so on. You can see in the eyes of those who are coming out that haunted, tired look which is the result of sleepless vigilance and rigorous duty. They are covered with the muck and mire of the trenches, and ready for a well-earned and deserved rest. The vehicular traffic on the roads and through the small villages here is enormous. Motor lorries, wagons, and horse transports of all descriptions are continually passing to and fro. Officers and men, mounted and on foot, are everywhere and on all the multifarious duties that the organisation of an army in the field requires. Despatch riders on motor cycles make their way in and out of the stream of traffic daringly and untiringly, splashed with mud and dirt, carrying the messages which pass from the firing line to the brains that think and plan some distance behind. The traffic of the densest London street is not denser or thicker than it is on the roads and in the villages here at times. There are military policemen stationed at all important points, who control the traffic with an exactitude and authority only to be compared with a Metropolitan policeman in Tra-

falgar Square or Piccadilly Circus. Soldiers of many nationalities meet and mingle here in the most perfect comradeship, and with a loyalty to one another that is born of a common danger and of fighting and sacrifice for a common cause. It is gratifying to know that all ranks are filled with the utmost confidence that their efforts in this great struggle of right against might will ultimately be crowned with success and a glorious victory for the arms of the Allies achieved, and that the great and noble cause of liberty, freedom, and justice for which we are fighting, and so many have already sacrificed their lives, will eventually triumph and be the means of assuring the world of a lasting peace, which we may long enjoy.

P. MEEHAN.

ITEMS.

A marriage that interested everybody was that of R.S.M. Walsh. May 29 will be a day long to be remembered by him. We thought he had reached the years of discretion, but events have proved again that even the mighty sometimes fall. We are sure that for an Irishman the best is none too good. Everybody joins in good wishes to the jovial couple.

Major Palmer is chairman of the new Football Committee. Under his able direction, our hard-earned reputation will be well sustained. Sergeant Downton, as of old, is giving his best to keep the team up to standard and in trim.

Lieutenant A. W. Owen, Sergeant Dorney, and Private Barron have a first-class baseball team trained. It is a pleasure to see them playing. The old days of "Peanuts, Pop Corn, and Chewing Gum" return to mind, and the whispered encouragements of our friend Barron are worthy of Chesty Cox of the Twilight League.

Josh Billings, the great philosopher, has won some renown for his effusions, but the following is one which will compare favourably with any of his efforts:—"The average man spends nine-tenths of his life trying to accumulate enough money to enable him to spend the other tenth in comfort."



Regimental Sergeant-Major N. WELCH and Mrs. WELCH.

THE HUNGRY EIGHT.

Back in the headquarters' dug-out,
Just as the night grew late,
Tales of woe came over the line,
Tales of the hungry eight.

They were up in the front-line stations,
Where whiz-bangs drop by the score;
They were short on their rations and
candles—

And, oh, my God, they were sore!

They all grabbed the 'phone receiver,
And said that the sergeant must come
And listen to eight lengthy grouzers
On the rations they thought so bum.

They came in from every direction,
Eight grouzers from dug-outs dark,
And they swore they'd all quit the station
If the rations were not up to mark.

They'd had no meat or fuel for ages;
Their bread was all mouldy and wet;
They were all in starvation's last stages,
And the dug-outs were all black as jet.

Where was their promised rum ration—
The "stand to" that never took place?
Just show them the bum who'd forgotten
their rum,
And they'd beat a "tattoo" on his face.

We know that their fine flow of language
Made the "Quarter's" ears burn with
shame;
They called him . . . (deleted by Censor),
And many a similar name.

When the sergeant had listened for hours
He called up the "Quarter" by 'phone,
Expecting to get satisfaction,
But you cannot get milk from a stone.

So the grouzers starvation still faced
In their dug-outs so cold and so bleak;
In this state of affairs the four hungry pairs
Remained till the end of the week.

When their tour of duty was finished
There was no talk of famine or grief;
They boasted of huge stores of rations
And stuff they had left their relief;

Of the rations they'd drawn from the Q.M.,
And the larder they'd left so full.
Then the sergeant was wise that these eight
hungry guys
Hungered not, but were shooting the bull.

When the hungry eight tell you their story,
How they worked hard with no grub at all;
Just tell them you're wise, like the sergeant;
They're only eight grouzers—that's all.

EARTH PIN.

THE WAILINGS OF ONE OF THE DRAFT.



WHEN I joined the 66th the Colonel
says, says he, I surely was a green
'un, but he'd make a man of me;
so he drilled me and he tried to
put my stomach in my chest; he
wasn't quite successful, though I
gave him of my best. They sent us down to
Sarcee, for musketry, they said, and marching
into camp 'twas the Colonel who lead.
We stayed in Sarcee for awhile, in very rotten
digs, but enjoyed the ozone off the hills,
straight from some lovely pigs; then back
again to Edmonton we travelled, yes, once
more, for ever taking us away the folks were
awful sore, for we were raised in Edmonton
—a fact of which we're proud—and when
they saw us back again they shouted out
aloud, "Hurrah! hurrah! the boys are back
again," for they knew we'd soon be leaving to
fight on Flanders Plain. We were ordered
o'er to England—we were wanted at the front
to uphold the fame of Edmonton and help
to bear the brunt. We were drafted to the
49th, as fine a bunch of boys as ever left
the home town to put a quietus on the
"Noise." In a shindy up at Ypres they
were torn with shot and shell, but did their
duty nobly, so with pride our hearts they
swell. Old-timers think us soft and green,
but some day we will show that we also came
from Edmonton, the place where stickers
grow. Although our hearts may grieve for
the loved ones we have lost, remember it's
the price of peace; we must help to pay the
cost. As I write I hear them saying to their
chum, "I say, Bo, how would you like
to be at home among the Eskimo?" Then he
says, "'Twill soon be over, and I'll be home
again, way up, on my homestead, a-putting
in my grain, and the wife will greet me,
smiling, and the kiddies on my knee. You
all can do your wandering, but 'Home, Sweet
Home' for me."

SOUVENIR HUNTING, OR PASTIMES IN BELGIUM.



"Some Souvenir, eh? Real Brussels Lace, my Boy "

COMMITTEE:

Editor, Lieutenant S. J. DAVIES.

Assistant-Editor, Private F. G. MILLAR.

Chairman, Lieutenant McDONALD.

Secretary, Lieutenant E. L. HARVEY.

Lieutenant H. PIERCE.

Lieutenant N. MURRAY.

Sergeant J. DOWNTON.

Sergeant R. DORWAY.

Private G. BROWN.

EDITORIAL.



WE believe in the old saying, "The greatest good to the greatest number." Taking that as our motto, we have succeeded in giving to our people at home a picture of our life in France. We have been fortunate enough to locate a sufficient amount of talent in the battalion to warrant us stating that our next number will show improvement, if that be possible. In many cases the articles will be continuous, giving to those at home a clear narrative of events occurring in connection with the battalion.

It is with pride that the 49th Battalion has adopted for its official title 49th Battalion Edmonton Regiment. We are the only Edmonton Regiment at the front, therefore we feel that the people of Edmonton are watching us, and our thoughts often turn to "Berlin" and then to home.

We have received a number of contemporary magazines, for which we thank our friendly scribes. It is rumoured that the "Forty-Twa's" are making a maiden attempt in the journalistic line. Good luck to them.

We have carefully examined all material, and we trust that the Censor will be lenient if we have overstepped the mark. We have no desire to assist the despicable "Hun."

The Editor and Committee take this opportunity of thanking all those who have contributed to our magazine.

Our congratulations to J. L. Ward, late Editor of THE FORTY-NINER. We all appreciate the work of the Y.M.C.A., and feel sure he will be a valuable assistant to them.

CANADIAN COLOURS AT CANTERBURY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "TIMES."

Sir,—On a recent visit to Canterbury I was much pleased to see prominently displayed in the nave of the cathedral—on the western piers of the great central tower—the colours of the 49th Battalion of the Canadian Expeditionary Force.

These colours have an interesting history, inasmuch as over 300 ladies of Edmonton, Alberta, worked on them with keen enthusiasm and presented them to the battalion soon after its formation on January 4, 1915.

This battalion got a great start by beating all "records" for quick enlistment, for it was up to full strength in less than two weeks after recruiting started, and that applications for entry were being refused daily until Edmonton was left behind for training quarters elsewhere. The 49th was raised in and about Edmonton, and numbers in its ranks hundreds of English lads, not a few from Kent, and some even natives of the old city of Canterbury itself. It was inspected by General Sir Sam Hughes soon after its formation, when he declared it to be "one of the best of a fine bunch," and reiterated this opinion at the Duke of Connaught's review in Ottawa in June, 1915. The battalion arrived at Plymouth on June 15, and on disembarkation was sent straight on to Shorncliffe, where it put in some real hard training until September 23, when an armed escort under the commanding officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Griesback, "one of the best," and loved by all, brought its colours over to Canterbury Cathedral, where, after a most interesting ceremony and capital address by the Dean (Dr. Wace), they were safely deposited until the happy day when the 49th shall return and claim them again; soon after which ceremony the battalion left Shorncliffe for "somewhere in France," where it has been giving an excellent account of itself.

Surely the history and work of this splendid body of men, intensely loyal sons of a great Empire—which is typical of many another Canadian and Australian corps—has a deep lesson for us at home in the present sad recruiting muddle in which we are involved.

Yours truly,

CLERICUS.

SNAP-SHOTS OF A PARTY OF WOUNDED FORTY-NINERS

TAKEN AT RAMSGATE, JULY 29th, 1916.



The party were undergoing treatment at the Granville Special and Chatham House Hospitals. The photos were taken at a tea-party given on behalf of Mrs. Griesbach by Lieut. and Mrs. Thieme. Mrs. Griesbach came over from Folkestone to attend the party. Lieut. Thieme, "C" Company, 49th Battalion, was also having treatment at the Granville Special Hospital.

MACHINE GUN SPARKS.



T will be a long war if it is going to last long enough to allow the section their seven days in "Blighty."

That early morning stunt that Corporal Tucker and Light-Weight Bill have been pulling off lately was sure to create mischief. The whole blooming works are now out before breakfast running two miles. Yes, boys, Sergeant Allen struggles through somehow. Who said anything about a short cut through the hop field?

The transport sergeant didn't have to strain himself at that tug-of-war with the "Pats." We had four of our "Huskies" doing a little, too.

We had the pleasure of meeting our old friend and ex-machine gunner, Staff-Sergeant Yule, of the C.F.A. He's the same as ever (only worse).

We also had a visit from another old machine-gun boy, Despatch-Rider S. McLead, 14th Army Corps. He is now hobnobbing with a scion of the Royal Family, and he started forming fours with us, too.

We object to the police sergeant using our carts as taxis. He's some acrobat, though, just the same.

We wish Captain Harstone the very best of luck and success on his transfer to "C" Company, and extend a hearty welcome to our new M.G.O., Lieutenant N. Murray.

BY THE SENIOR MAJOR.

The letters we have received from our wounded comrades are full of appreciation for the kindness of Mrs. Griesbach and Mrs. Harris, who have visited the hospitals looking for Forty-Niners, writing their letters for them, and making them feel, even when away from their own relatives, that they were being looked after by people who loved them for the work they had done, making history and traditions for the British Empire.

THE WORKING PARTY.

The daylight fades, the night draws near,
And the sergeant's been with the warning,
"Fall in at 9.15," we hear;
Then we know we'll be out till morning.

The hour arrives; we slowly fall in,
Each with his harness and rifle;
We number off; it grows dark as sin;
Then we stand at ease for a trifle.

The night grows apace, and we move away
In single file down the road,
Till we reach at last the R.E. dump,
Where we pick up another load.

It may be sandbags, it may be a spade,
Or it may be a water-can;
It may be timber or cast-iron sheet
To help out the front-line man.

Then we stumble along through shell-torn
field,
But we halt as each star-shell rises;
For now we are getting close to the front
Where Fritz hands out surprises.

We keep steadily on till a trench we reach,
Into which we all gladly tumble,
And get right to work—some 6 ft. each—
While round us the big guns rumble.

We have to work hard, for it isn't long
Before daybreak sends us a-hiking;
So we toil with a will under engineer till
We have fixed up the trench to his liking.

It's almost daybreak, so we have to clear out
Before Fritz' machine-guns start popping;
If he ever spots us going over the flat
There's sure to be plenty of flopping.

I guess you've heard of the M.G. flop;
It's a new trick since this war started;
If you don't flop to earth mighty quick,
From this life you'll soon be departed.

Well, we're through all right, and headed
back
For our dug-outs, dark and low;
We snatch a bite and tumble in
Or write home by a candle's glow.

Oh, these working parties are sure no joke,
No matter what others may say;
They're needed as much as the man at the
front
To get the decision our way.

C. F. F.

SMOKE CONSUMER WANTED.



SERGT :—"Pit oot that smoke the noo! 'D'ye want a dizen trench-mortars on the tap o' us? These —— officers' batmen again!"

GRENADE NOTES.



SINCE the last appearance of these notes in the January number much has taken place, but to the bombers one event has happened that overshadowed the rest: it was the great move from somewhere to here. "Here" is some place to be in, too. It's the home of the merry old "Grenade Attack," which figures so often in official reports. Thus the grenadiers are kept busy repulsing these attacks and carrying the war into the enemy's territory.

The "Grenadiers" are only known by that name on the parade ground. Commonly they are known as "Bummers." They are men picked out for their coolness and disregard of danger, and they are regarded (by themselves) as the salt of the earth. They are practically anarchists, with permission to kill (1) Germans, (2) themselves, (3) others. They do each equally well. Friends with acquaintances in the "Grenadiers" need have no worries over them, however, for the recipients of accidents are most carefully looked after—and their favourite flowers used. Bombers are so trained that they require no sleep whatsoever, but this is made up for by the feeding. They live on the fat of the land (the quartermaster-sergeant having swiped all the lean).

History says that J. Cæsar, a sort of Roman Emperor gink, threw a bridge across the Rhine. This feat compares very feebly with the numbers of grenades thrown by "Ours" since arriving here.

We had just been throwing all night, trying to convince Fritz that it would be silly of him to come over and visit us, and we had convinced him. So we hied us away to our caves to rest our weary limbs, leaving a sentry to alarm us if anything of importance should take place. That was at 4 a.m. At 6 a.m. the sentry dashed into the cave with a yell of "They're coming!"

Quickly every bomber gathered together his wits and his bombs and hastily beat it to his place on the firing platform. "Are they coming?" asked one, with an expectant look in his eye. "Yep, I heard the cap. giving instructions to the officers," answered another, and a thrill ran through the

anxiously waiting men. This is what they had been living for, and now it was to happen on a cold, frosty morning when this hand-to-hand affair would be relished.

A peculiar smell could be smelled or smelt (please yourself).

"It's gas," said one of the last draft. "Keep your head, only issue tobacco," said one of the old hands.

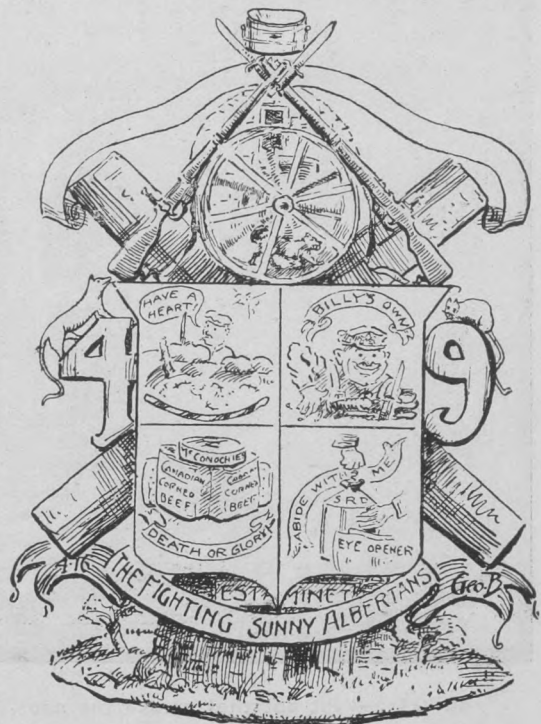
They arrived. With a yell we jumped towards them (Censor).

"Steady, men," said the captain. "You'll all have your snort in a minute." Aye, and it's that little drop of rum that keeps the men awake throughout the night thinking of its appearance at "Stand-to" in the morning.

GRENADINE.

Sympathetic Lady: "And how did you come to be hit, my man?" Wounded Tommy: "Well, mum, I was shot in the rear from the flank at the front." Sympathetic Lady: "Was it a ricochet?" Wounded Tommy: "No, mum; it was a bullet."

PROPOSED BADGE FOR A FORTY-NINER.



SIGNS OF THE TIMES.



TOURIST:—"Ow the —— could I cross it if I wuz under cultivation?"

IN THE TRENCHES.

IMPRESSIONS UPON RECEIVING PARCELS AND LETTERS.

TO the friends and relatives of Canadian soldiers who send parcels to us it may seem a common occurrence; yet in the life of a soldier in France it is a very marked episode. A parcel at any time is a very welcome gift, but more especially when in the trenches. When the rations arrive the men do not, as you would suppose, first inquire where their rations are, but who has got the mail, and if the senders of parcels could but see the expressions that adorn a soldier's countenance on the receipt of a parcel they would be amply repaid.

Immediately upon the receiver opening his parcel friends gather near, cigarettes are passed around, and anything known as "eatables" promptly devoured. Then, if permissible, cigarettes are lit, and the fragrance of Canadian tobacco thoroughly enjoyed.

Tobacco especially is welcomed by the soldiers, neither French nor English tobacco being very well liked by Canadians.

The parcel from Canada serves a double purpose, for, outside of the material value, it helps a Canadian to know that though he is many miles from home the people of Canada remember him, and have a very deep interest in his welfare while "doing his bit."

On behalf of the boys "somewhere in Flanders," we wish to thank the people of Canada for doing so much to help make life easy for the boys in the trenches.

CHARACTER STUDY OF A "FORTY-NINER."





WE are sorry to inform our readers that our jovial leader, B. M. Daly, is in hospital on the other side, but pleased to state that he is now convalescent, and able to flirt with the nurses. "Oh, you Blighty!"

The band had a good time at our "Rest Camp," and made themselves very popular with the villagers.

Some of the single members of the band felt it very much when we left to come back to our old quarters, and one of the married members was seen to wipe something from his eye.

The band are indebted to Sergeant-Drummer Belcher for his large donation to the Music Fund.

B. M. Daly was presented with an ivory bâton, in case, beautifully mounted in silver, from Colonel S. Maynard Rogers.

The band is still doing good work, playing at the Y.M.C.A. Soldiers' Theatre, under the leadership of Corporal Silversides.

We are sorry to lose our adjutant, Major Hobbins. He has always done his best for the band. We wish him the best of luck in his new battalion.

An auburn-haired fellow named Baker Had a reputation of being a fakir.

When Fritz opened fire
He would duck in the mire;
Though not religious, he sure was a Quaker.
A certain prize-fighter, Salveno,
On Fritz tried to vent his spleen-o;
But Fritz opened fire,
Then he tried to retire,
But an A frame stuck on his bean-o.

THE GUNNER.

(With apologies to Kipling.)

For it's gunners this and gunners that,
And use the gunners rough;
But it's hear the good old Lewis bark
When things are getting tough.
It's "Gunnery don't need billets,"
And "Gunnery don't need rum;"
But it's "Where is Colonel Tucker?"
When Fritzzy starts to come.

And when it comes to corks
The battalion fund ain't there,
But when the canteen's open,
Who buys the b---y beer?
He don't do working parties,
Just lies around and sleeps;
But when you get relieved, me buck,
The gunner's there for keeps.

He's a lazy, bloomin' beggar
When he's out in camp at rest,
But you call him other pet names
When the Dutchman's on the crest.

So let's all get together;
He ain't asking very much—
Just to be a damned good soldier,
And recognised as such.

(This contribution was handed in by Captain Harstone with the remark: "One of the boys gave me this; he says it is poetry. I don't know what in hell it is.")

THE SOUVENIR KING.



BATTALION FUND.

Since the last issue of THE FORTY-NINER and the last statement of Battalion Fund expenditure we have lost the services of Major C. Y. Weaver, who so ably administered it. A complete statement cannot be rendered at this time owing to the departure of the above-named officer and to the fact that the battalion books are in England. However, a statement given below shows the state of our approximate receipts and expenditure since the last statement. The canteen has been opened once since July 1, and shows a nice balance on hand:—

Statement of Receipts and Expenditure.

RECEIPTS.

June 1, to balance in bank	£416 17 2
	<u>£416 17 2</u>

EXPENDITURE.

G. F. Heasley Co., Ltd. (cap and collar badges)	£15 2 1
A. and N. Co-op. Society (files)	2 14 0
Hicks and Sons (shoulder patches).....	9 19 3
Dixons (hinges, locks, etc.).....	0 7 3
Mrs. W. A. Griesbach (photos, Canterbury Cathedral)	3 10 6
Corporal Ward (P.O. supplies)	0 16 11
Can. War Contingent Association (football kit)	2 5 3
Primus stoves	3 9 6
Entertaining Scots and Irish Guards...	7 1 4
Major R. G. Hardisty	1 5 5
O.C. "B" Company	1 10 5
Benson, Ltd. Bandmaster's bâton).....	5 0 0
Typewriter ribbon	0 5 6
Gale and Polden, Ltd. (parade states)...	4 9 4
Lt.-Col. Griesbach, D.S.O. (loan to Corporal Martin)	4 0 0
Major Hobbins, D.S.O. (loan to Corporal Martin)	2 0 0
St. Clements Press (operation order books)	15 13 6
Gale and Polden, Ltd (record cards)	1 16 6
A. and N. Co-op. Society (balance of account)	0 3 2
Hicks and Sons (shoulder patches)	13 18 5
Gale and Polden (carbon paper)	0 12 0
Loan to Magazine Com.	12 0 0
Gale and Polden, Ltd. (parade states)...	1 10 0
Capt. Carrie, Y.M.C.A. (footballs and uniforms)	5 14 0
Typewriter ribbon	0 3 0
Balance	301 9 10
	<u>£416 17 2</u>

July 31, to balance cash in bank.....	£301 9 10
Canteen Fund—	
July 31, to balance at credit of Fund	Frs1389 45

NO MAN'S LAND.

No Man's Land is an eerie sight
At early dawn in the pale grey light.
Never a house and never a hedge
In No Man's Land from edge to edge.
And never a living soul walked there
To taste the fresh of the morning air.
Only some lumps of rotting clay
That were friends or foemen yesterday.

What are the bounds of No Man's Land?
You can see them clearly on either hand—
A mound of rag-bags grey in the sun,
Or a furrow of brown where the earthworks
run
From the eastern hills to the western sea,
Through field or forest, o'er river and lea;
No man may pass them, but aim you well,
And death rides across on the bullet or shell.

But No Man's Land is a goblin sight
When patrols crawl over at dead o' night;
Boche or British, Belgian or French,
You dice with death when you cross the
trench.
When the "rapid," like fireflies in the dark,
Flits down the parapet spark by spark,
And you drop for cover to keep your head
With your face on the breast of the four
months' dead.

The man who ranges in No Man's Land
Is dogged by the shadows on either hand
When the star shell's flare, as it bursts o'er-
head
Scares the great grey rats that feed on the
dead.
And the bursting bomb or the bayonet snatch
May answer the click of your safety catch,
For the lone patrol, with his life in his hand,
Is hunting for blood in No Man's Land.

—Captain J. K. ADKIN, in the "Spectator."

Why do lovers never walk in single file?—
Don't know; it's two deep for me.

How long will the U.S.A. put up with
the German attitude with regard to its sub-
marine warfare of alternately killing and
booing and billing and cooing!

THE FIRST TRICK IN THE TRENCHES.

We were lying around on an old barn floor,
Just smoking and taking our pleasure,
And no one would think from what he saw
That the morn was the end of our leisure.
But the whisper had just gone round the men,
"We're off to the trenches to-morrow";
And our thoughts became sober and serious
then,

Though there was no sign of sorrow.

In the early morn, with our harness on,
We were ready to call on Fritz,
So we hit the road with a snatch of song,
Though we may have felt like "two-bits."

A shattered village we reached at length,
Not a cottage left (large or small),
But a sombre wit on a wall had writ
"Krupp Avenue"—that was all.

And the ruins of Ypres now loomed into
view,

As we hurriedly marched along,
And then we knew that our tramp was
through,

As we heard the salient's song.

Over there the crack of machine gun,
And here the sniper's lone shot,
While the roar of "sausage" and rifle
grenade

Would sometimes ring o'er the lot.

For these are the notes the salient sings

As the days go drearily by,
And the star shells are the cold spotlights
"Neath which men live and die.

C. F. F.

THE BACKBONE OF THE ARMY.

A PROFESSIONAL TRIBUTE TO THE N.C.O.



T is written that on the seventh day man shall do no manner of work, nor his servant, nor his ox, nor anything that is his. This law is in the main rigidly observed by men and women in all stations of life. There is, however, one notable exception. The British non-commissioned officer works not only on the seventh day, but very often far into the night of it. He must work, and work, and when he has finished one job

he must look for another. It is not often that one finds the N.C.O. looking for work. Work flies to him as if he were a magnet. But he is very often to be found looking for trouble—trouble for idle hands, that is.

There never was a truer saying than that the sergeant is the backbone of the British Army. He always has been, and he always will be. Usually drawn from the same classes as the men he commands, in all cases having undergone the same experiences in the ranks as they have, he is naturally fitted to be the go-between of his officers and his men. A good N.C.O. is just as valuable to a company as an efficient colonel is to a battalion; in time he will be promoted company sergeant-major, when his position will be very much the same towards his company commander as the adjutant's is to his colonel. From company sergeant-major there is only one step to regimental sergeant-major, whose post is usually filled by that N.C.O. who combines all the qualifications necessary for the various ranks through which he has passed.

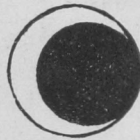
IN THE "SALIENT."



RUNNER:—"Not much use of takin' cover 'ere I guess."

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